

Jitsu an Aid to Domestic Happiness

By Tad



WINTER LEAGUE BEGINS ITS ANNUAL SCHEDULE

Base-burner Magnates Find Picking Next Year's Pennant Winners Easy Task; Federal League Offers Basis for Pithy Gossip.

By FRANK G. MENKE.
NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—The winter league season has opened once again.
Playing out the schedule and the cheering glow of the old burner in these days of snow, chills and soaring coal bills, never, isn't going to cause as much mental exertion as in the other years. Number of events that transpired lately will lighten the burden of the winter leagues.
A days gone by the winter league had had to put in many weeks of toil and anguish before it arrived the name of the team that would be the pennant in the National league, the name of the club that would be the champion in the American.
But this problem, take it from the athletes now before us, already has been solved. In the National league New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and Brooklyn teams are leading the league when the game is played next October. In the American league, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cleveland, New York, St. Louis and Detroit will win the pennant.

The Winners.
You don't believe this, all you do is to look over the predictions from these baseball centers. The press agents of each and every team, knowing what a task it was for winter leagues to pick the winners, saved them the trouble this year. They are out with facts and figures to support their claims.
You may be noticed that no prediction has been so far issued by the winter leagues as for the Cincinnati and the two St. Louis teams. One must be patient. The season is young. Perhaps the three teams mentioned are away on a vacation. Perhaps they are ill. Just as they get back, or recover, one is assured that three more predictions will issue forth.
Another matter that will not worry winter leagues this winter is the fact of the National league president, Lynch, who used to hold the job, a mighty nice fellow. He had lots of warm friends, and they constantly told that Tom might come to some hard finish at the hands of C.

Walsteat Murphy of the Cubs, or others of his kind, who used to regard the heckling of Thomas one of the real joys of life.

Has Real President.

As affairs stack up now, the old league has a real, regular governor at the helm. That gives him power over thousands of soldier persons, and any time he finds Mr. Murphy, or his gang, trying to kick up too rough a sea for the good ship National league, all he'll have to do is to call out the militia.
Mr. Richard Marquard, the portside finger of the Giants, will be another person who will not cause the winter leagues much worry. Last year, it may be recalled, Richard was quite famous. He'd just finished amassing an unbroken string of nineteen victories and followed this by going on the stage, thinly disguised as an actor. When springtime came Richard appalled the baseball multitude by announcing that he'd stick to the stage and never again cavort on the diamond.
Richard isn't going to repeat this threat this spring. He's well hooked by a Giant contract, and from what we can gather from items that appear in various papers, he is close to being hooked as an actor. The public this winter seems to have penetrated his disguise and discovered that he isn't an actor at all.

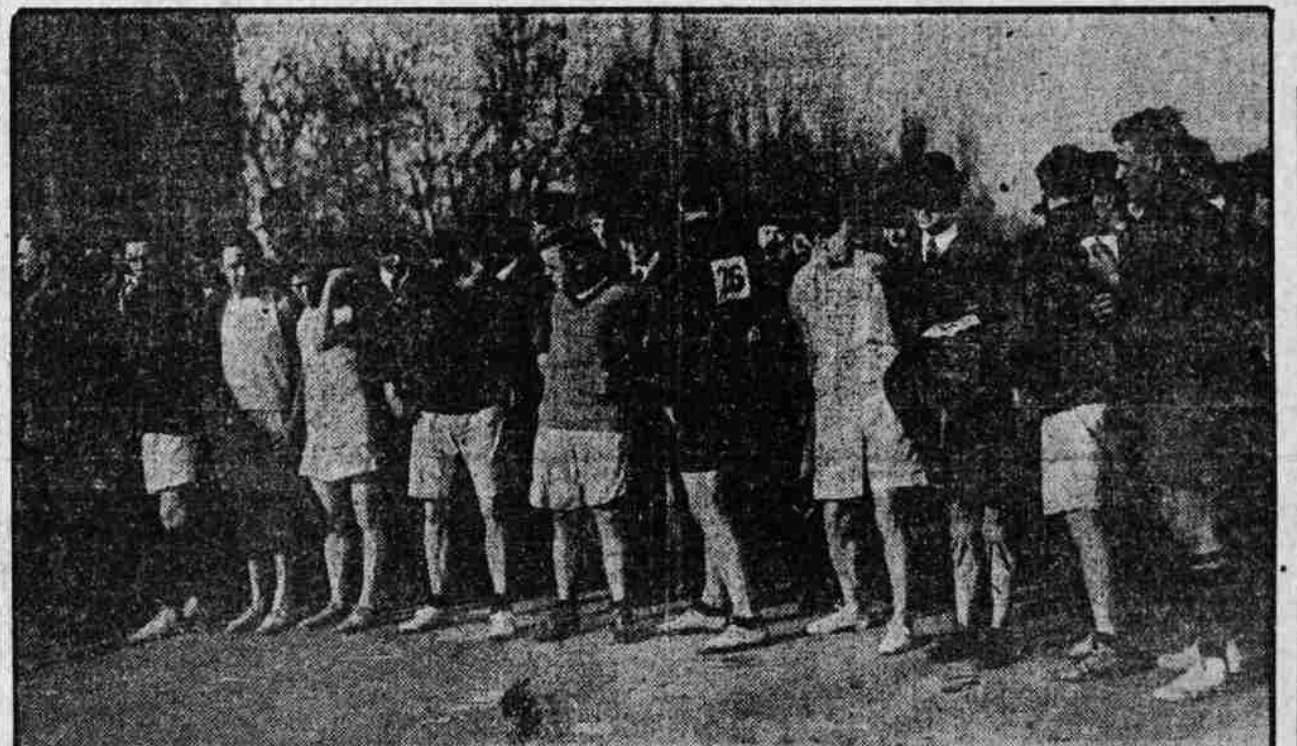
Cobb in Safe Port.

Ty Cobb is another who will save the winter leagues. Last winter Ty murmured loudly to the Detroit management: "Gimme \$15,000 per year or I'll quit." This threat, like Richard's, also appalled. But Ty, a few days ago, issued a statement saying he was content to play with Detroit for the rest of his days.
Of course, that coquetish "outlaw" Federal league may do something that will inject hardship and real worry into the playing out of the winter league schedule. She's an awful flirt, that little Miss Federal League, and she insists that her papa has lots and lots of money. The way she is rolling her twinkling eyes and throwing coy glances just now may draw to her side some nice young men who have

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Williams Wins Marathon; Race Is Great Success

Top: Placing the runners for the start. Bottom, Herbert N. Williams, the winner.



Winner Sets Fast Pace and Is Never Headed; All Finish Strong.

HERBERT N. WILLIAMS, unattached, of Salt Lake won the Commercial club cross-city run yesterday. He won it in fast time and finished strong. Williams unquestionably is a runner. He knows how to make every motion count and he has mastered the art of conserving his strength.
Williams was in the lead at the start and he was never headed. He set a fast pace and he kept it up. Had Williams and the other runners not encountered so many obstacles in their path there seems reason to believe that he could have done it in 24:00 instead of 23:21 4-6, his time. Williams was formerly a member of the Olympic Athletic club of San Francisco.
Forty-five started in the cross-city run and twenty-nine finished. Every one of

the lads who crossed the tape was in excellent condition save one, Orin Jackson of the B. Y. C. Logan Jackson fainted at the finish, but quickly recovered and was no worse for his exercise half an hour afterward.
Every conceivable annoyance was put in the way of the runners. Although the Commercial club field sports committee had done everything within its power to keep the course clear, the road was packed with automobiles and vehicles of all sorts, to say nothing of hundreds of men, boys and dogs. It is a fact that Williams and those who finished immediately after him had to fight their way through a dense crowd before they could touch the finishing line.

Over Rough Spots.

Along the course nobody seemed to regard the rights of the sprinters. Automobiles cut across the streets with reckless swings, sometimes coming directly in front of the runner. At Ninth South and State streets the sprinters encountered a paving job under way. The contractors had left a narrow roadway for vehicles. This road the automobiles promptly and considerably pre-empted, leaving the runners to scramble over the embankments and through the weeds alongside the road as best they could.
A couple of the entrants took advantage of passing autos to get a lift. The inspectors of the course, however, quickly spotted them and "there was nothing doing."

Big Crowd Gathers.

At the corner of South Temple and Main, the place of starting and finishing, a dense crowd of spectators gathered. It was with the utmost difficulty that the start was effected. Everybody was interested and the throng surged to and fro in an effort to keep their eyes on what was carrying on.
At 2:27 o'clock Dr. C. G. Plummer, having, with the assistance of the other officials, lined the entrants across Main street, directly opposite the administration building of the Mormon church, gave the word that sent the boys away on their grind over five and one-half miles of city streets. The length of the course, according to automobile speedometer, was five and one-quarter miles.
When they crossed South Temple, Williams was in the lead, hitting it up lively. He maintained the pace to Sixth South where the turn was made for State street.

Autos Block Way.

There was much confusion at the turn. Scores of automobiles held the right of way, and the runners dodged and twisted in and out among the machines and the does until they got away clear again.
The run on State street to Ninth South was a pretty sprint. At Ninth South there was difficulty owing to the turning condition of the street, but the obstructions were finally passed and the runners went on to Eleventh South.
Turning westward on that street, the lads stretched out for Main street. Main street meant the beginning of a hard grind with a sharp sprint at the end.

Into Main Street.

Turning from Eleventh South into Main street, the order of the runners was as follows:
1—Williams.
2—Theodore Johnson.
3—Tolman.
4—Jackson.
5—Verbrugg.
6—Jameson.
7—Paul.



8—Smedley.
9—Charles Johnson.
10—Hales.
11—Eaton.
12—Cutler.
13—Lannon.
14—Upham.
15—Burrows.
16—Dent.
17—Stowell.
18—Francis.
19—Eddington.
20—Squires.
21—Crouch.
22—Harris.
23—Steffenson.
24—Wadsworth.
25—DeFogash.
26—Mabbutt.
27—Stone.

Through the Crowds.

Up Main street the sprinters flew, with Williams now half a block ahead. At every street intersection there was a crowd and the runners bored their way through as best they could.
Williams' lead increased as the finish line was neared. When he crossed the tape the timekeepers snapped his time at 23:21 4-6.

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Jimmy Clabby Finds Favor With Coast Ring Followers

Showing in Battle With Frank Logan Stamps Him Most Versatile Boxer That Ever Appeared in San Francisco Arena.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6.—Jimmy Clabby intrenched himself more solidly still with the San Francisco sports by his workmanlike handling of Frank Logan at Daly City on Thanksgiving afternoon. After seeing Clabby in all his variety, the western fight followers have about concluded that he is the most versatile young fist flinger that ever appeared in a San Francisco ring.
In the engagement with Logan, Clabby acted like a fellow who is subject to whims. The first few rounds showed that he had his opponent sized up to a dot. He made Logan miss by snapping his head back a very few inches.
When he felt like making a change in his system of defense he used his shoulder as a barricade, and if by any chance Logan's right wandered close to the Clabby jaw, Jimmy permitted his head to roll with the punch and robbed it of its sting.

Shows Much Cleverness.

It looked in those early rounds as though Clabby were simply burning with a desire to show the crowd how clever he was. He taunted and teased Logan rather than punished him. He was told beforehand to be prepared for trouble if ever the sinewy soldier man closed in on him and made a hand-to-hand fight of it, but when it came to head-to-head work Logan was so bewildered by Clabby's resourcefulness that his sole thought seemed to be to find some safe place for his face.
In this short range work Clabby used a right loop and used it so effectively that Logan came out of every clinch with fresh evidences of punishment.

Clabby might have kept right along goading and pecking Logan for twenty rounds had it not been that a short

right from the soldier dislodged a patch of skin from Jimmy's nose in the fifth. The blood dripped on Clabby's arms and his pride was hurt. He changed from a tactician to a Turk right there, and there were several rounds of trading-work that kept the Clabby backers on the anxious seat.

In the seventh Jimmy yanked out his dental bridge-work and tossed it to his seconds, and this was equivalent to clearing the decks for action.

Takes Many Chances.

Until the tenth round Clabby's friends felt that their man was taking uncalculated chances and many messages of warning were sent to Jimmy's corner between rounds.

In the tenth Jimmy changed gear again. He steeled himself and met Logan with full strength left swings across the stomach. After about three of these were landed it was evident that the turn had come. Under the influence of these hurtful smashes Logan faded away visibly, and when he claimed a foul in the fourteenth, Referee Griffin saw that the man was in sore distress and in danger of being seriously hurt, and ended the battle.
Here is something that puzzled the students of boxing. It looked as though Clabby had fought himself out between the fifth and tenth rounds. He was pale and weedy looking, and for that matter he appeared frail beside his heavier opponent from the start. But when he began to unload those stomach smashes there was more pushing power behind them than if Clabby had been a husky young heavyweight just starting out in the first round.

In addition to being clever, Clabby is voted a wonder in other ways. In the Petroskey affair he showed that he

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Additional Sports in News Section

How They Finished

| Order of Finish. | Name. | Club. | No. |
|------------------|----------------------|----------------------------|-----|
| 1— | H. N. Williams | Unattached | 2 |
| 2— | Nathan Tolman | B. Y. C. | 30 |
| 3— | Theo A. Johnson | Unattached | 18 |
| 4— | Albert H. Paul | L. D. S. H. | 41 |
| 5— | Wayne Hales | B. Y. U. | 36 |
| 6— | Orin Jackson | B. Y. C. | 32 |
| 7— | Bert Sumson | B. Y. U. | 33 |
| 8— | Hyman Deutsch | Y. M. C. A. (disqualified) | 23 |
| 9— | Allen R. Cutler | U. of U. | 12 |
| 10— | Otto Marti | D. G. | 24 |
| 11— | G. Garrison Verbrugg | Unattached | 3 |
| 12— | Carly C. Burrows | U. of U. | 11 |
| 13— | Munn Cannon | D. G. | 28 |
| 14— | Eugene Stowell | B. Y. U. | 34 |
| 15— | Chas. Johnson | Unattached | 6 |
| 16— | Israel Smedley | L. D. S. H. | 38 |
| 17— | Frank Upham | Y. M. C. A. | 45 |
| 18— | L. B. Brinton | D. G. | 26 |
| 19— | Earl Francis | L. D. S. H. | 39 |
| 20— | Harold D. Dent | D. G. | 29 |
| 21— | J. Ed. Prime | D. G. | 27 |
| 22— | E. L. Squires | D. G. | 25 |
| 23— | Elmo Eddington | L. D. S. H. | 40 |
| 24— | Lloyd H. Crouch | U. of U. | 8 |
| 25— | Virgil Harris | L. D. S. U. | 42 |
| 26— | Louis Steffenson | L. D. S. H. | 37 |
| 27— | L. H. Wadsworth | Hooper | 43 |
| 28— | Jurrien DeFogash | Unattached | 4 |
| 29— | Fred Mabbutt | Unattached | 5 |
| 30— | Phillip B. Stone | Unattached | 9 |

Williams' time—29 minutes, 31 4-5 seconds.

Team winners:

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Deseret gymnasium, first | 77 |
| L. D. S. high school, second | 83 |
| Distance, 5 1/4 miles. | |

Officials in Charge of the Big Run

Back row, left to right—George Brown, assistant judge of finish; Leland Nelson, assistant clerk of course; C. C. Cowing, inspector of course; Earle Aldridge, inspector of course; R. J. Froiseth, chief scorer; H. Wells, inspector of course; O. R. Grimmer, clerk of course. Front row, left to right—Freeman Bassett, chairman of field sports committee; John Tobin, assistant judge of finish; Harry S. Harper, chief judge of finish; Fred Crabbe, assistant scorer; A. H. Crabbe, referee; Dr. Charles G. Plummer, starter and timer; R. J. Armstrong, inspector of course.

